

Snowfall

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Snowfall

by [fabulousnotion](#)

Summary

Will Graham and dog in snow. Hannibal rescues a freezing Will Graham.

Notes

for mandysimo13. happy holidays, lovely! i hope you enjoy!

It's cold when his eyelids flutter open. Will Graham is reeling a world of white powder, when he pushes up from the ground, shivering uncontrollably, and notices that he's soaked to the bone. There are spots of red and a broken branch disrupting the white blanket of surrounding snow. His mind stirs to recall the events from before.

He was looking for Buster, who had escaped. Worryingly, the tracks had lead to the broken pond where he went ice fishing the day before. He'd been whistling for the dog under a heavy, snow-laden tree, but sensed a moment too late the weak branch wouldn't hold. It fell hard onto the top of his head and blossomed a mixture of dizziness and pain. He stumbles forward a few steps before collapsing into the snow with black ebbing at the corners of his vision.

Thoughts of the situation flying, Will now struggles to his feet. Buster is still out there and has been for some time. He needs to find him before they both freeze to death. Will feels shivers come on before he even starts to move. Staggering towards from where he came, he grips around the outside of his aching arms. His clothes are clinging to his chilled form, and there is no Buster in sight. He's not far from the house, the lights just visible as he walks from the tree line, but he crumbles to the ground after another five steps.

He comes to again when a firm hand turns him over, searingly warm against his face. It's a familiar visage that hovers above his swimming vision.

“Will.”

He barely registers the voice.

“Will, stay with me.”

Somewhere, beyond the white and bitter cold, he recognizes Hannibal's voice; words he only hears inside of his head.

Hannibal's infernally warm hand cradles his cheek as he looks over the trail of blood that runs down the left side of Will's face. “B-Buster – I have to – I've got to find -” Will babbles, teeth chattering.

Hannibal tuts under his breath and jarringly takes the younger man into his arms like a rag doll. “Your mutt is safe.” A pause. “You've missed your appointment, Will,” Hannibal murmurs. “I need you to stay awake.”

Despite the haziness, Hannibal's voice comes with clarity above all things. There's a near delirious smile on Will's face. “Too b-bad I didn't make you wait longer.”

“You are incorrigible, Will. I would be amused if you were not in a near frozen state.” Will blearily watches the knee deep drifts glide pass and Hannibal swiftly close the distance from the field to the house, and manages the door easily open with Will immobile in his arms.

Despite some drifting, Will notices when the man smoothly immerses them indoors. The temperature is unbearably warm. He's momentarily distracted with relief when he catches

sight of the dogs curled by the space heater.

Hannibal places him on his bed, and Will immediately tries to sit up. Embarrassment washes over him as comprehension dawns. In the dresser reflection he can see his lips have turned an alarming shade of purple. He tries to calm his breathing, which has become painfully fast and shallow. Hannibal is speaking to him while moving to start the water in his tub. "I'm starting a bath for you, Will, lukewarm. This will help return your core to a better temperature." Will could feel Hannibal's eyes on him as he stepped from out of the bathroom, but he couldn't tell if it was more than an observation.

Will is still shaking when Hannibal returns. After a brief moment of looking over him, he's on him, stripping off icy clothes. Although too cold to be much more embarrassed, Will turns his head to speak, head spinning at his own bleached white form. Hannibal gently shushes him. "I need to see if that the epidermis hasn't changed color." He says, tone of voice utterly professional, and evenly examines Will's bright red digits.

Will jumps, a small noise of surprise escaping his mouth when Hannibal takes him back into his arms and leads him carefully to the tub. He feels dizzy sinking into the soft water. Hannibal leans him back against the tub wall and lets it fill, leaving for only a moment before returning.

Will is jarringly aware that he's feverish. His limbs are burning, tingling, far too much to be pleasant. The bath is like fire under his skin. Instinctively, he struggles to stand, but Hannibal firmly pushes him back down. "Will." Hannibal's voice pulls him from his own thoughts. He manages to focus his eyes on him, convulsions wracking his body. "You are far too chilled." Hannibal smooths the hair back from his forehead, checking skin against his bare hand. As if he can read Will's mind, Hannibal speaks quietly. "Your dogs are all safe. I found Buster just before I found you."

Will nods, breathing out a sigh of relief. He rolls his head against the edge of the tub, and lets water sink up to his shoulders. He's trying feebly to control his near-violent shudders. "That's good... thank you."

Despite the pins and needles running underneath his skin, his eyelids are beginning to droop. It's a hand against his face that draws him away from blissful unconsciousness. "Will. I need you to stay with me. You've very nearly reached hypothermia." Hannibal is inches from his face, looking carefully into his eyes before his gaze flicks to the small wound on the top of his head. "That will need cleaning. You likely have a concussion."

"I feel like I'm dreaming," Will replies, voice soft. His eyes flutter as he focuses on the older man's features. "Am I?" He shifts in the tub to sit higher, shivers peaking again to slosh water over the edge of the tub.

Hannibal pushes him smoothly back down, frowning at the water that now drenches the lambswool of his suit jacket, waistcoat, and silk blended button-up underneath. "Remain here. I will return."

Will almost again dozes before Hannibal reenters with a tube of ointment and one of his own hand towels. The stinging pain brings Will back to his senses as Hannibal carefully, almost

reverently, cleans the wound at the top of his head. Will feels a prickling at the backs of his eyes as he cringes. The water tinges pink as Hannibal nonchalantly wipes clean the trail of blood falling down his cheek.

When it's over, and before Will can protest, Hannibal is putting his hands under his arms and coaxing him to stand. A warm towel covers Will's shoulders as Hannibal helps him back to the bed, and settles him under several thick blankets. Despite the covers, tremors overtake his body. Hannibal's voice, almost muffled, reaches his ears: “--temperature regulation is still inadequate.”

He sounds displeased. Will's vision focus on the swirls of heat coming from a steeping liquid at his bedside. He still can't control the shivers. Hannibal cradles again his forehead, and Will sees a frown flash across the doctor's face. The sleeves of his shirt have been rolled to his elbows, suit jacket and coat laid neatly over Will's laundry hamper.

Will is staring at the neatly folded pile when Hannibal begins to unbutton his own shirt, but he turns his head at the rustle of clothing. His brow creases as he watches the normally well put-together doctor undress to a state he's never seen before.

“Why are you--” Hannibal successfully cuts him off by slipping next to him under the covers.

“The most efficient path to recovery is using another's body heat, shared between both parties.” Hannibal moves right behind Will's naked body, his hand finding Will's arm to rub warmth back into him. Will feels a heat rise to his cheeks as the older man presses fully against him, skin to skin, save for the soft silk of Hannibal's boxers.

His presence is intoxicating, and despite himself, Will relaxes back into the warmth behind him. His shivering doesn't subside, but as he is back against the older man, he is warmer, senses more attuned to their every detail. There's something in Hannibal's heady scent along with the hand rubbing up and down his side that shifts a pleasant coil of heat low in his belly. He presses against Hannibal, but this time not because of the cold. An arm wraps further around him, hand splaying to press his hips back against Hannibal's – and Will stills when he feels the man's hardness against the cleft of his ass.

Will intakes his breath slowly and doesn't dare move. Seconds that feel like minutes drag on in a silence between them both, until he has to do something or he'll die.

Will opens his fingers and aligns them with the older man's, feeling the stark difference of his own still chilled fingers against Hannibal's warm ones. He's a bit unsteady as he grinds their hips together. It's then that he feels a shift between them, before there are fingers skimming along his back with a reverent touch, the soft press of lips against his shoulder, the back and side of his neck. Will tests the waters by edging himself along Hannibal, to allow his heat to envelop him fully as he lines up his body against Hannibal's own.

They move together on a one-two beat, a slow rocking of bodies, exploring the angles that best fit. Together they find a way to accommodate the other. Hannibal is behind him, strong and static, and so terribly warm. Will feels like melting snow. He could lose his form at any moment, giving himself up to escape into Hannibal, who would take him in with his burning heat and evaporate him to a thin mist. His breath hitches up faster, a hitch catching him off

guard when he feels the heavy weight of a full erection grinding against his ass. It is almost enough to forget about the ache in his bones or the throbbing in his skull. He thinks Hannibal wants to ask him if he's certain, to obtain indefinite consent.

Whatever is coming between them, Will wants to be aware. He wants to be awake in the moment. But the warmth and the pain and the blood pooling in his groin take it all away until he is a lump of flesh, writhing against glorious marble. He is undone, and Hannibal, a chiseled unyielding form beyond him, is his only hope for structure in that moment. He is not aware of who reaches to his own cock first. He does not know whose hand is around his testicles, heavy with the load that bubbles up, pushing to be released. It's been too long and his body is so sensitive. When he finally reaches the plateau, it is the sound of Hannibal's voice coloring each puff of breath, and the smell of musk and sex that assaults him, pushing him to what he would think was an embarrassingly quick end. Hannibal would disagree if anyone asked him. Hannibal continues to touch him, continues to thrust against him in mock penetration. He comes seconds later, soiling his expensive boxers.

Will doesn't know his own end from his beginning – only that there is a blissful, floating feeling taking over his body. It's as he's coming down that he notices he's not shivering anymore. In fact, he feels pleasantly warm underneath the multitude of covers. He doesn't mind the sticky mess across his hips, or the fact that Hannibal's hand is still damp with his come. He doesn't mind the fact that he's still pressed back against Hannibal, sure and steady in his breathing, lips feathering kisses across a shoulder and sneaking into the crook of his neck.

It's Hannibal that speaks first, murmuring low against Will's heated skin.

“I trust you're sufficiently warm now.”

There's a sleepy, sated amusement in Will's voice as he replies.

“I think it will suffice.”

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